

THE LIGUORIAN



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THEY SAY

"THE LIGUORIAN ought to be in the home of every Catholic family." Salt Lake, Utah.

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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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No. 9

The Name of Mary

The golden spires of heaven ring
As splendrous angel choirs sing
Thy Name, O Mary!
Oh! who shall tell the glories of
That harmony of thought and love,
Imprisoned in no voice or string
Shackled by no gross brassy thing,—
So fit to sing thy praise.

At Lourdes and countless hallowed shrines
Thy Name is sung in serried lines
Of marvels, Mary!
Oh! what a voice have well-worn casts!
And crutches, more than trumpet blasts
Throughout the world and time proclaim
The wondrous power of thy Name—
Suppliant Omnipotence!

Around the globe, a milky way
Of spires and crosses greets the day
Neath thy Name, Mary.
Like gold-tipped pens dipped in sunlight
On heaven's blue thy praise they write:
The foundlings smile—the hushed moan—
Childhearts in innocence upgrown—
A hymn of triumph sound.

In my poor life, no grand notes rise
To sing thy praises to the skies,
O Name of Mary!
But memories of childhood's morn
Like perfume on the spring winds borne—
And laughter from youth's dawning bright
Like songs sung softly in the night
Make all my days a hymn.

The eyes that loved to look on thee
In baby days, still yearn to see
Thee Mother Mary!
Thy Name woven through all the years'
Sorrows and joys, longings and fears,
Still runs like gold through all my days,
Brightens with hope life's drabber ways,
Pledging a fairer morrow.

T. Z. Austin, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey

THE BUILDING OF BILLY

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

"Father Tim, I'm worried."

The bright boyish features of Joe Dorsey were twisted into a semblance of grave solicitude that looked comical to Father Casey. The priest simply couldn't take him seriously.

"Dreadful, isn't it?" he said in mock horror. "The home team lost another game yesterday."

"Father, this is really something serious."

"What? Flora is slipping in her whist?"

Flora was Joe's wife, and she spent about as much time at her card parties as Joe did at the ball parks.

"It's the kid!"

Joe Dorsey pronounced these words with all the fearsome solemnity with which he would have announced: The end of the world is coming tomorrow.

The priest quit his bantering on the instant. He knew too well the fatal blow that would strike this light-hearted pair should harm befall ten-year-old Billy, the only child with whom God had blessed their union.

"Is he very sick?" Even as he asked the question, he was on his feet and reaching for his hat to accompany the alarmed father—as he thought—to the bedside of the ailing child. But he stopped stock still when Joe announced:

"He's not sick. I mean he hasn't got any—any disease. But he's—it looks like—well, we're afraid he's getting—getting dissipated!"

The priest visioned a mental picture of "dissipated" ten-year-old Billy Dorsey, and he wanted to burst into a hearty laugh. However, Joe showed such deep concern that he managed to restrain himself. The fleeting and intermittent spells of seriousness with which Joe and Flora took the duties of parenthood always amused him. He sat down again and faced his visitor solemnly.

"What! Does Billy drink?" Joe's jaw dropped, and his mouth

came open. The priest continued a rapid fire of questions. "—Or play poker? Or stay out late nights? Surely not dope?"

Joe was far too much concerned about his son and heir to warm to the priest's pleasantries. In a tone of near despair he gasped:

"Billy wants to spend all his time in the movies."

"Oh, that's all right."

"What do you mean, Father Tim?"

"Just what I say. If you were to tell me—what I know to be a fact—that Billy is inclined to stay away from school, to beat up other little boys, to eat nothing but pie and candy, or to break, ruin, and destroy your own and your neighbors property; or to lie in order to gain his ends when all other means fail, I should say the same; that's all right."

"You say it's all right for a boy to do the things that will make him good for nothing?"

"Not so fast, Joe, I did not say, by any means, that it is all right for him to do these things. I said it was all right for him to be inclined to do them. These are purely human inclinations, and I presume that you and Flora admit that even Billy is, in the last analysis, a human being. But if you tell me that Billy has actually played truant from school three days out of every four, that he throws stones through somebody's window every time he goes on the street; that he has eaten nothing but pie and candy for a week; that he tells lies whenever it suits his purpose; then I should say that Billy's case is deplorable, and unless speedily remedied, may prove fatal to soul, mind, and body. But even then, I should put the blame on Billy's parents far more than Billy himself. One reason why God gives parents to little human boys is to guide, moderate, and restrain their too human inclinations."

"Now, I see what you mean. But what about this moving picture affair?"

"'Tis the same as the other cases I mentioned. It is all right for Billy to have an inclination to spend all his time looking at motion pictures. But it is quite another matter if he is allowed to put this inclination into practice."

"Then you say it is wrong for him to go to the movies?"

"No, I don't say that either. There are certain things that are wrong in themselves; for example, breaking one of the ten command-

ments. These things he must never be allowed to do. There are other things that are not wrong in themselves; but may become wrong on account of the evil effects they produce. These things must be moderated with such prudence and foresight that the evil effects will be averted. To look at a motion picture is not wrong in itself; but it is very, very often wrong on account of its effects."

"For example?"

"Here is one example: A boy goes too often to the motion picture shows. His imagination is over excited. This excitement is constantly repeated. It will have a bad effect upon his mind and his nerves.

"Another example: A boy goes too often to the motion picture shows. He will gradually and unconsciously get an abnormal and distorted view of life. This will unfit him to conduct himself as a man and a Christian in the drab, monotonous routine that life really is.

"Another example: A boy goes too often to the motion picture shows. He will become sophisticated before his time, lose the freshness, candor, and naturalness of childhood, develop an unhealthy state of mind and heart, become an 'actor,' a deceiver, in his ordinary conduct instead of a whole-souled, impetuous boy.

"Another example: A boy goes too often to the motion picture shows. He will lose all taste for work, especially mental work. This will hamper his success in his studies. Whatever progress he makes will be superficial rather than solid. No concentration, no backbone, no stamina to encounter and overcome difficulties. His teachers will find that it prevents him from developing habits of thought, strength of will, faculties of reasoning. Others must do the thinking for him. He can't run on his own power. He can't take care of himself. He must be artificially propelled.

"Another example: A boy goes too often to the motion picture shows. He becomes a slave to the habit. He deteriorates, becomes degraded with the consciousness that he is sacrificing duty, self-advancement, self-respect to an inordinate passion. This tends to take the nobility out of his character, it makes him seem mean and vile in his own eyes, and as a consequence, he does become mean and vile. This passion will grow so strong that he will do things that are absolutely bad, like lying and stealing, in order to satisfy it.

"Another example: A boy goes too often to the motion picture

shows. He will lose all taste for the little, spontaneous pleasures that would amuse a child. Like the voluptuous citizens of pagan Rome and the products of every other artificial and corrupt civilization, losing the power of enjoying the sweet and simple things of life, he will become a burden to himself whenever he has not paid servants to amuse him.

"Another example: A boy goes too often to the motion picture shows. He learns much of human passions long before there is any need of his learning it. He sees many things that leave upon his mind a lasting impression, that weaken his natural modesty; that will gravely complicate his problem of leading a clean, decent life. You know that all manner of crimes are shown on the screen; theft, robbery, murder, impiety, immorality. The portrayal of these crimes gives a thrill and draws patrons—and so they are portrayed. The producers make pretense of inculcating the high moral lesson that crime brings with it—its own punishment—and is, therefore, to be avoided. But what of the impressionable child? He forgets the lesson, but remembers vividly the minute details of how the crime was committed and only too often attempts to repeat it. There, Joe, you asked me for an example. I have given you more than a half dozen."

"Does what you have been saying refer to all movies?"

"What I have been saying refers to the general run. There are other pictures that are frankly bad. None but a criminal parent would allow his child to see one of them."

"I guess, as far as that's concerned, the 'ordinary run' aren't much to brag about either," said Joe. He had never happened to get the motion picture craze anyway.

"How could they be much to boast about? The showing of motion pictures is a medium for transmitting ideas. It is an intellectual, an immaterial, a sort of spiritual process. But, at the same time, it is a process that appeals to millions upon millions of our people, and, therefore, powerful concerns exploit it in order to reap an immense harvest of gold. Whenever the intellectual, the spiritual, the immaterial, is exploited through mere mercenary motives, the intellectual must always suffer. That which, by its very nature, is immeasurably more noble than money, is made to pander to money, and thereby becomes degenerate, denatured. Add to this the frequent scandals

reported from the colonies where the motion pictures are produced, and you can hardly expect anything—pure, high, spiritualizing—to come from sources reported so corrupt.”

“Why doesn’t somebody do something about it?” cried Joe.

“You are somebody. Why don’t you do something?”

“Who? Me? What could I do?”

“Teach your child self-restraint in the matter. That is the first step. Pleasure must be made subservient to service, recreation to work. Whenever pleasure is made the principal object of existence, instead of an occasional well-earned respite in a life of serious endeavor, then natural, healthful pleasures will soon cloy, and artificial appeals must be made to tempt the sated palate. Those that find their fortune in pandering to this debased craving for pleasure, will satisfy it in a way that debases it yet more. If the character of our motion pictures are to be improved, the devotees of motion pictures must register their approval of pictures that are beneficial to mind and soul and their condemnation of those that are not. The only way they can register condemnation and approval so as to produce results is to visit only pictures of the former type and absolutely avoid pictures of the latter type. But they cannot exercise this efficacious discretion until they have learned self-restraint. Unless they have learned self-restraint, they will not have will power to stay away from the harmful type of play whenever it promises to be a ‘thriller.’ Therefore, Joe, when you say: ‘Why don’t somebody do something?’ I answer: You are somebody; begin by teaching your own child self-restraint in the matter.”

“Flora and I have told him that dozens of times.”

“Told him! What use is that? No one ever yet learned either music or virtue by being told—they must be shown.”

“But neither Flora or I are crazy for movies.”

“You may not care for movies; but there are other pleasures for which you do care. And unless I am greatly mistaken, you allow these pleasures to absorb more than their proper proportion of your thought and time. Until you reform, how can you expect your child to do so?”

Oh, what’s the use? The action of one frequenter of the movies cannot reform the moving picture abuse.”

“If the men who erected our armory had said: Oh, what’s the

use of laying *one* brick in a building that requires millions? the immense structure of which we are all so proud would be still unbuilt," said Father Casey.

The Paths of Light

FREDERICK JOSEPH KINSMAN: CONVERT

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

The fact that Dr. Kinsman saw himself obliged in conscience to resign from his office as Bishop of the Episcopal Church did not mean, however, that he was consciously nearer Rome than he had been. As he says himself: "The reasons given for abandoning work and orders have not been directly connected with Roman Catholic claims. . . . At the time of sending a letter of resignation to the presiding bishop, I was uncertain whether for a number of reasons I ought not to die in the communion in which I had been reared, although I could no longer work for its perpetuation."

PREJUDICES

Prejudices that were inborn and acquired against "Romanism" still remained. "In 1915," he tells us, "I carefully stated reasons why I could not be a Roman Catholic; and there was certainly no change a year later."

He passes in review the various teachings of the Church which gave him more or less trouble: the Papacy, the Immaculate Conception, Transubstantiation, Cult of Saints, Purgatory, and especially, what he calls "Jesuit Ethics." And he shows us how careful consideration revealed that his prejudice was built on misunderstanding and how he came to love and admire these same doctrines when he saw them in their true light.

It was not a sudden change—a waking up to find all difficulties gone. "I scrutinized the 'difficulties' afresh, found that they all seemed less formidable, and that some had vanished. I cannot recall that in a single instance I knew at a definite moment that a special difficulty had been met. It was rather that from time to time something would suggest one of them, and I would see that it was gone."

It reminded him of the stone rolled away from Our Lord's sepulchre: "They said, 'Who will roll us away the stone from the

door of the sepulchre?" And they looked, and behold the stone *was* rolled away."

THE PAPACY

Thus with the Papacy: "My belief," he says, "was that history showed the Papacy to be a purely ecclesiastical development," and not Christ's work. But later on he could say: "Two sets of considerations have made me believe in the Papacy, the first historical, the second practical." Of the latter considerations he says: "For over ten years, I have been trying to act as a Bishop of the Catholic Church of God, and to relate my official duties to the ruling ideas of the episcopate, as they appeared in the Fathers. Of these, two stand out in chief prominence: The episcopate was guardian of the Faith, and it was the guarantee of Unity." But what was the *Faith* of the Episcopalian Church to be guarded? It has no definite faith. A good Episcopalian may believe in the Virgin Birth and one equally as good deny it; one may believe the Divinity of Christ in clear terms and another deny it or surround it with hazy indefiniteness. "All can express their views or lack of them and may do so with vehemence." There simply is no *faith* to be guarded. If there is a faith—there must be an infallible guardian.

As to his study of history, it "made him see clearly that in the See of Rome there had been the clearest loyalty to the Incarnation, an actual perpetuation of the faith of St. Peter." "I recognized the fact," he declares, "that the Papacy has been the chief Defensor Fidei (defender of the Faith)."

The Episcopate, moreover, was to be, according to Christ's institution, a bond and guarantee of unity. "The Episcopate is one, a united Episcopate, not a collection of Episcopal units." But, "Unity is dependent on something that represents a center. It cannot be created by agitated fragments; it must issue from a central force and be sustained by centripetal instinct. There must be a center of unity for the Church, visible center for visible unity; there being no greater difficulty in believing in a primate as personal center for the Episcopate, than in a bishop as personal center for his diocese, or a priest as personal center for his parish."

Thus practical reasons suggested the Papacy. "Common sense," he says, "may suggest what must be if the visible unity of the Church is to be preserved: history shows what has been. The Roman

Papacy has been the actual center of the most obvious visible unity the Church has ever possessed." On the other hand, "rejection of the Papacy has invariably associated itself with principles ultimately destructive of all unity in, and with, the Church." Is not this a remarkable fact of history. No wonder it struck Kinsman, the ardent seeker after truth.

All this led to "investigation of historical problems with a willingness to revise old judgments; but with no disposition not fairly to face the facts. The result of this has been to leave the conviction that the papal claim is vindicated by scripture and history; and that in the controverted historical points, it is the Roman Catholic writers who, on the whole, are in the right, and who usually display preponderance not only of logic, but also of learning and common sense."

"NEW DOGMAS"

"One chief objection to 'Rome,' " he writes, "was its new dogmas, especially the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception." It is interesting to see how this difficulty vanished. Kinsman shows his logical mind. "These objections," he says, "fell to the ground the moment of recognizing the principle of primacy as inherent in the Church, and of communion with the Apostolic See as the one practical test of what constitutes the Catholic Episcopate." To accept the dogmas of the Church after that was the only logical conclusion. Another principle led to the same—the principle of the Living Church. Christ is with His Church, safeguarding its final pronouncements against error—His Church lives, because He lives in it; and if it lives, it must also have a voice. Hence, "any rallying cry of 'Back to' is dangerous, even if 'Back to Christ'; for this is meaningless unless it is synonymous with 'Up to, and down before Christ.' New dogmatic pronouncements must be related not only to the mode of utterance provided for the Church; but also to the whole conception of the Church's constant vitality."

On the whole, these few lines contain a logical, brief, but satisfactory answer to the hue and cry raised against the Church in recent years and whitewashed with the fine-sounding phrase: "Back to Christ."

VENERATION OF SAINTS

Another difficulty was cult of the Saints. His reflections upon this subject are so sane and so sound, so appealing to common sense, that I cannot forego quoting them at least in part. He hits the nail

on the head. He states his difficulty thus: "In my own mind, this objection took the form of belief that the popular cult of local saints in some parts of the world was merely a disguised form of pagan polytheism; and that the devotion paid the Blessed Virgin, even when right in motive and unexceptionable in form, was in actual practice given a disproportionate importance and tended to obscure the worship of Our Lord."

We would laugh at such objections and be inclined simply to say: "The idea! do they really take us for fools?" Our feelings, our experience, would tell us instinctively that we are grossly misunderstood. The whole matter is so simple that we might not know how to express our reply. We would be inclined to say: "Come and see."

Kinsman's reflections are, in fact, as follows: "Actual experience of Catholic customs will lessen or remove this difficulty in at least three ways." In the first place, the saints are honored only because of their relation to Our Lord.

"In the first place, to be understood, the devotions paid to the Saints must be viewed in their context of continuous worship of God through Our Lord. Their actual place, determined by the great fixed points of Catholic life and worship, is distinctly subordinate. This would be illustrated by the two examples of their commonest use. After Mass, the great habitual act of worship of Our Lord Himself, lasting half an hour or longer, about three minutes are devoted to veneration of Our Lady in the Ave Maria and Salve Regina—and petition for her intercession and that of other great saints. To Catholics there is no parity whatever between the great Sacramental Sacrifice and the short prayers that follow its conclusion.

"Or in the evenings, the Rosary is publicly recited, a series of meditations on the mysteries of the Incarnation to a sort of running accompaniment of the Angelic Salutation and invocation of the Blessed Virgin, as it were basing all thought of the mysteries on the Incarnation itself practically realized in the Communion of Saints. But this is only a prelude to the special devotion for which a congregation has assembled—the adoration of Our Lord in the service of Benediction.

"Nor can there seem to be disproportion in a blaze of tapers about a saint's image on some festival to those who know what in the

Church the High Altar signifies and that the one really important light is that which indicates the tabernacle."

Well said, indeed, and giving a concrete reply to difficulties or rather prejudices felt by many. But he touches the principle, when he continues:

"The Saints always and everywhere are nothing but Our Lord's retinue, and even in case of the greatest, derive all their importance from Him— The measure of Sainthood is the degree of nearness to Him, and homage to those near Him is mere reflection of adoration of Himself. Dishonor to them, neglect of them, shows indifference to their and Our Divine Lord."

A second truth he notices about devotion to the Saints also contributes to remove prejudice. "In the second place," he declares, "it is helpful to be reminded that those chiefly responsible for devotion to the Saints have been at greatest pains to safeguard them from abuse."

Thus, he notes about St. Alphonsus, whose Glories of Mary have been, and are so often cited as an example of "Gross Mariolatry," that no one ever insisted as much on the absolute necessity and central importance of love of God. He quotes these words, chosen at random, in proof: "In the Catholic Church are found true love of God and of one's neighbor. The love of Jesus Christ ought really to be the chief and only devotion of a Catholic. To advance toward perfection, practice yourself above all things, in Divine love. If you want to go to Heaven, love God with all your heart."

As a last principle, he recalls a necessary distinction: "In the third place, it is necessary to distinguish between modes of expression, and matter expressed. It touches no matter of principle that the language of devotion should be subject to criticism from the standpoint of taste." The public prayers, he reminds us, are couched in simple terms; devotions left to personal use, are as varied as the nationalities in the Church. "In the Catholic Church, as in the world, are all sorts of people who must be provided for in ways best suited to their respective needs."

JESUIT ETHICS

One of Kinsman's big prejudices may be summed up in the words: "Jesuit ethics." He was haunted by the ghost of "The-End-justifies-the-means." He thought Catholic ideas of morality were rather loose and that the Jesuits were mainly responsible for this. But this was

only a prejudice. A more thorough study of Catholic books on morals or ethics, wrung from him, even before his conversion, the following tribute:

"From such knowledge as I have been able to obtain I feel very strongly that the Roman Catholic Church—quite apart from any question of its claim for ecclesiastical supremacy—is the greatest force in the nation to maintain authority against anarchy; the sanctity of marriage against the enemies of the home; justice and order in industrial relations against the disorders due to class prejudice and inordinate greed."

CONVERSION

But here as in every story of a conversion, we must remember that conviction is not yet conversion. The former is the work of the mind, the latter is the work of grace. Kinsman writes:

"The vanishing of illusions and removal of prejudices is not conversion. Many of the changes of opinion, which I have recorded, not only came about while I had no intention of giving up my part in the Episcopal Church, but were quite consistent with holding it. My opinions in regard to Roman Catholicism passed through four stages: it is not so bad after all; it is really quite good; it is the best thing I know; it is the Church. Only when the last was reached was there genuine conversion."

This point he reached in 1919. He wrote the history of his opinions in the book "Salve Mater" from which all our quotations are taken. It was finished on the 14th of November. Ten days later he was received into the Church. Bishop Kinsman, Episcopal Bishop of Delaware became Frederick Joseph Kinsman, humble child of the Church of God.

(Conclusion)

Bound up with Catholic ideals of government and state must necessarily be our ideals of education. The one thing the world needs most today is the return to that old life over which the Catholic Church ruled. Men must go back to the old school, learning the mind and power of men's souls and those things without which our government must end, and we should always stand up for the great Catholic ideals. Our fathers who built up this nation believed in God.—*Archb. Hanna.*

The Fairy of the Falls

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLK

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

Elsy had contracted a serious disease. It had begun just when school had closed for the year, and it was getting worse and worse, day by day. Her mother declared to goodness and to her father, Elsy's father, I mean, that she didn't know what was coming over the child and that he would have to do something about it.

Hitherto, Elsy had always hopped out of bed at the first call in the morning; now she would yawn, wait until the second and the third call and then answer, "After a while." Formerly she had always been on the alert to run to the store; now she would say, "Wait a while," or if it was in the afternoon, "Tomorrow." It was her duty to make her own little bed every morning; her mother had lately discovered it all untidy even in the afternoon.

"Really, daddy, there is something wrong with the child. You must speak to her; all that I say seems to have no effect." It was evening, and warm and drowsy; Elsy's father nodded lazily, and said, "Oh, all right. Tomorrow. Got any lemons in the house, Mary? I am thirsty enough to stifle."

"Not a lemon; the last was used this evening for supper; but I'll get some tomorrow."

The irony of the situation never dawned upon them. Upstairs, Elsy was sleeping soundly, dreaming of the morrow.

The summer heat had come to stay, in spite of the lowering clouds that threatened to hasten its departure. Brilliant sunshine and plenty of it made office and factory and field unendurable. Before long, Elsy noticed that the family were in an unusual hurry. Things were being tossed around in reckless fashion, the car was being shined up. She caught the spirit of it all enough to hurry to the store on what seemed to be innumerable errands. Then came her turn. All hands were busy, so her mother fixed her up in a new traveling dress and ordered her out to the automobile to wait for the rest.

Away they hurried, out over the concrete stretches west of Detroit, through the dense traffic of Chicago, up along the shore of Lake Michigan through cosy little towns and well-shaded drives, past tourist camps between lowlying hills and little lakes.

They finally passed through a little town, the name of which made Elsy gasp.

"Gracious, what a pile of O's," she remarked as she managed to spell half through the name before they had passed it. "Wait a minute, daddy, until I find out what place this is."

"Tomorrow," he grinned as he stepped on the pedal, and they sped out of town. After a short drive, they reached the cottage that had been rented for the month.

Elsy clapped her hands with glee. Not at the cottage, although she did think it was cute. Not at the stretch of beautiful blue water that stretched out ahead of her, mirroring clouds and sunshine, and framed in a band of lowlying verdure. But at the cutest, little waterfall she had ever seen. Niagara had frightened her on the occasion of their solitary trip there; this was too small to cause her fright. It rippled and danced and sang as it gayly jumped from its height of ten feet to the placid lagoon below. And beside that lagoon, was the cosiest little park she had ever dreamed of, with rocks and shells along the shore, and shady bushes and trees sheltering it from the heat.

She left the others to unpack the automobile and roamed over to the edge of the falls. A big smooth rock offered a real orchestra circle seat for the concert. The thick moss made a comfortable couch. She made use of both. Taking off her shoes and stockings, she settled down on the soft ground with the big rock for a back-rest and began to listen to the music of the water.

A million voices seemed to be singing in chorus within the falls; a million, lace-like arms seemed to be beckoning to her. Garments of every shade of green and blue with dashes of gray and shot through and through with threads of sunny gold were waving continuously. Across the lagoon, a saucy gopher ran up to the water's edge, stood up on his hind legs, looked at her and began to chew on some food he had picked up. Birds swooped down noisily, nodded a greeting and quenched their thirst at the water's edge. Somewhere in the distance, a motor droned softly; there was a shout of laughter and the babble of passing voices, then quiet.

"Thank goodness," remarked Elsy to herself, "they are all too busy racing nowhere to bother me. Isn't this the darling place? I could sit here and dream and dream forever."

"You just think you could, dearie," a voice, high-pitched and ringing sounded from the center of the thin green watery veil that hung across the dam. "We've tried it already and have never succeeded."

"Suck-seeded!" exclaimed the child. "Why can't people talk sense. If they want to talk they ought to use words that people can make out."

"That isn't a bad word," answered the voice, and there was a trace of sly laughter in it. "A big girl like you ought to be able to spell it."

"I can, almost." Elsy remembered the big, red stroke that had marred her spelling paper on examination day just before school had closed for the summer. It had wandered round and round her attempt to spell "succeed" until there was no doubt whatever of what her teacher thought about it.

"Why do you say 'almost'?" enquired the voice. Elsy did not answer; she was trying to discover the speaker. "There's no use trying to see me," added the voice. "Your eyes have a curtain over them."

Elsy rubbed her eyes and the unseen guest laughed again. Elsy could discover no curtain.

"Try, and you will succeed."

"All right for you," Elsy retorted. "Anyhow, I just missed two letters in the old word and besides I was goin' to look it up the next day."

The green veil over the dam seemed to wave tremulously for a moment; a ripple moved down its entire length and broke off at the bottom in little patches of white lace that danced for a moment on the water and vanished downstream. Beneath the surface of the water, Elsy could see different kinds of fish swimming toward the falls. Some of them came to the edge of the queer green veil and tried to climb its folds to the surface above. Again and again they would try, sometimes rushing at the green wall two and three together. One had almost scaled the ten-foot height when it fell back exhausted.

"Poor thing," murmured Elsy. "Wonder why they want to work so hard for nothing."

"For nothing!" exclaimed the voice. "They are working to reach their home, away up there beyond that farrest bridge. They keep on trying and—"

"I know what you are going to say; they will su-suc-ceed?"

"Well, to be frank, I had thought of saying that; but I thought perhaps you would not understand, so I changed my mind and was going to say instead that I intended to help them."

And to Elsy's astonished gaze, the beautiful green veil seemed to quiver all over and again ripples ran up and down its length and what seemed like two long arms went down and raised the fish; rather they seemed to rest on their surface until they reached the top of the dam where they dashed into the fringe of foamy lace that covered it and disappeared.

"Huh," she ejaculated, "anybody could do anything if somebody else does it for them. I could spell succeed or anything if my teacher did the work."

"I beg your pardon, Miss, I only assisted them as I am supposed to do. I am supposed to help you, too, if you need. In fact, all of our family are in existence only to help others; but we must help only, not take their place in working for themselves."

"Well, I seen—"

"Child alive! Don't you know better than to say 'I seen'? I hope you are learning your Catechism better than you seem to be learning your English. Imagine it, saying I seen for I saw. I declare, I am surprised."

Elsy blushed with mortification. She had finished one year in school and during that time, she had been told often that she should not use the phrase "I seen."

"I guess it's no use," she sighed. "I'll never learn. But who are you? I think you have the prettiest voice."

The green veil rippled again, more tremulously than ever and a gale of light, gay laughter echoed from its depths.

"It would do me no good to tell you and you could not see me. Only those who never give up, who come here to rest after hard work, and who know the secrets of nature in the trees and flowers and water, can see me and know me."

"Is that so?" Elsy was alive with interest. "Well, I don't know much more than the first fifteen pages of the first reader and the first ten pages of our speller and some 'rithmetic and some Catechism; but if that will do—"

"It is more than enough," laughed the voice. Elsy was beginning to be peeved by that voice; why did it always have to laugh?

"But still not enough for the purpose. You want to see me. Why don't you come closer?"

"I can't. Gracious, I'd have to swim, and I'll never be able to learn."

A sigh of disappointment came from the green wall. Impatient flutterings shook large patches of white from the folds of the long wavey veil.

"Well, if that is the case I suppose I'll have to wait until some other child happens this way; and I did think we would have a delightful visit. I saw you come, I liked you, I thought you were better than the usual people I see here. But you are like the rest; a useless dreamer."

"I am not." Elsy stamped her foot. "I can do things when I want to. Papa says—"

"Of course he does; lots of nice things," agreed the voice, "because he knows that if he didn't you would make a racket fit to wake the dead."

"N—no he doesn't." Her lower lip was trembling and it took a brave effort to keep back the tears. "He knows—tha—that I try my best."

"What was that you said?" The unseen speaker was jubilant—"You try?"

"—'course, I do. An' I'm going to get that old word down by heart, tomorrow."

It seemed as though a stray breeze had caught the veil; for the white fringe along the falls puffed out like a series of little balloons; the green mass became a tangled stretch of ribbon, and the water below was almost white with the lace—like fragments falling from the lower fringe. And in the midst of the water, Elsy saw a figure, not much smaller than herself; but ever so slender, pushing aside the water and stepping out on a bit of planking that had come over the dam and had been jammed in the rocks at the bottom of the stream. Long strands of golden hair hung from a head that seemed perfect in spite of its size. A filmy green gown hung from the shoulders and trailed over the plank and into the water.

"Now, you see me," smiled the owner of the mysterious voice, "I am the Fairy of the falls."

"Pleased to meet chew," murmured Elsy from force of habit, her eyes staring in astonishment. This was really the most extraordinary individual she had ever seen.

"Do you stay here all the time," she inquired after she could gather her scattered wits.

"Yes, all the time; winter and summer, night and day. In the winter I have a neat white ice cottage built for me; but I keep working."

"Working! What do you do?"

"I keep the water in order; it must always go on to the lake and the river. I can never stop—never put off anything until tomorrow."

"Ouch," said Elsy; her memory stirred by the words.

Somewhere in the distance she heard her name mentioned. The sound seemed that of her mother's voice calling her. But she hated to stop this interview now that she could see her strange companion. Her lips shaped the words, "After a while." And the Fairy of the falls read the words.

"Is that what you do when you are called? I am surprised. Why, I could never do that. If I put off doing my duty until after a while, imagine what would happen! All the lake down there would be dry and the rivers that flow from it and the fish would die and people would be miserable."

"Well, I didn't say 'after a while,'" objected Elsy.

"No, but you mean it. And I'm not going to let you stay. Hurry, shake hands once, and run. Your mother wants you. And tomorrow, if you are a good girl, and remember the secret words, 'I'll try,' we'll meet again. You can always find me here."

Elsy leaned over to reach the outstretched hand. It was so white, so tiny, she could hardly see or feel it. As she grasped it, it seemed to disappear back of the green, velvety veil of water that kept pouring over the dam. She clutched at it again and again. The green veil rippled its luxuriant folds over her; cool, refreshing, smothering watery folds. Their weight, at first so thrilling, now felt heavy. They fell on her, rolling her over and over in their depths.

Somewhere, she heard a shout. And something dark and heavy broke through the wall of water, and a big, clammy hand seized her

by the hair. She clutched it desperately, but it would not let go. And it dragged her in jumps through the water, and out of it onto the land.

She rubbed her eyes, felt her dress and noted it was dripping wet. Looking up, she saw her brother Tom, wringing the water from his trousers legs.

"Some sleepy-head," he muttered. "Pretty mess, old girl, you got me into. Can't you go anywhere else to sleep but on the slippery bank of a torrent like this, where you can roll into the water and drown?"

Elsy said nothing because she heard nothing. She was recalling where she had dropped that old speller, also that she had some little duties to take care of after supper. There would be no more "After a while," or "Tomorrow"; from now on, she would try to obey—now!

As Tom led her up the bank toward the cottage, she waved a farewell to the falls, and she was sure she saw a little white hand swing out from the rushing water and wave in return.

That evening when she told her experience at the supper table, her father looked at his wife with a peculiar expression on his face.

"God speaks to us often through Nature," he remarked, "and the voice is beautiful though inarticulate, so much so that only the saints and poets—some of them—and children hear it. Listen to the message of the falls all you care to Elsy; but after this take a balcony seat on the bridge. And I guess I'll drive to town, mama; it's Holy Name Sunday tomorrow and I put off going with them for two months."

There was a scuffle at the opposite end of the table. Cupping her hands, Elsy whispered loudly to Tom, "See, smarty, I told you so. There was a voice in the falls."

But who will choose these men who must represent us and bind us in one loving family? There is no final decision here on the part of the great Church to which we belong. The Church says that all forms of government may be good and may be right, one better for one time, one better for another; but always remember that those that rule, rule with authority of God Himself, and in obeying those men who are placed over men, they are obeying the voice of God that spoke of old.—*Archb. Hanna.*

Loeb-Leopold Education

HENRY D. SUTTON, C.Ss.R.

A few more suns and the care-free days of vacation will be no more. Square ahead of us lie the dear old school days—poetic as a memory, but rather prosaic as a reality. At times parents no less than their children find the approach of the school term a time for serious thought and reflection. Especially is this true of the days when parents must decide to what school, to what college, to what university they will send son and daughter. In deciding this important question, many Catholics, even in this day of the Catholic school and college, select other than Catholic institutions of learning for their children. The reason for such a choice is hard to understand.

Education means the development, the bringing out of man's faculties—physical, intellectual, and moral—in such way that he can best carry out the purpose for which he was created. That purpose we learned from the very first page of the little catechism we studied in school. Man was created to know, to love, and to serve God in this life, and to be happy with Him in the life to come. The question I would ask is this; what kind of education will best serve the purpose of man's existence? What kind of education will best fit him, will best prepare him by a life of virtue to take the places left vacant in heaven by the revolt of Lucifer and his followers? Surely, not the education given today in our public schools; not the education given today in our state colleges and universities? The education imparted in our public schools and state colleges is essentially divorced from all thought of God and religion; nay more, today that education stands out as the chief exponent, as the giant champion of materialism and atheism; materialism and atheism which flouts, scoffs at all idea of God and religion, and logically leads to the overthrow of all morality.

This contention is not a groundless claim; it is a claim that stands proved by the sad drama enacted during the past few weeks in the Criminal Court Building of Chicago. Before a grave looking judge sat two young men, one eighteen and the other nineteen, both state university graduates, the self-confessed kidnappers and murderers of an innocent boy. They had met their victim—innocence itself dancing

along in the sunlight of a beautiful May day—lured him into an automobile, and there killed him. Their motive? To get a thrill, to claim a ransom, and, in some measure, to make an experiment; to note the physical, the emotional, and the sexual reaction of a dying person. Their justification? If it is not wrong for the entomologist to kill a beetle on a pin in the cause of science, why should it be wrong to kill a human being in the same cause? Such was the justification in the minds of these two brilliant post-graduate university students of a crime that shocked even crime-inured Chicago.

Arthur Brisbane, writing a syndicate column in our daily papers at the time of this gruesome murder, hoped that solemn gentlemen would not overdo their moralizing about the lack of religious education being responsible for this crime. "Bootleg gin and whiskey," he said, "have more to do with crime and vice among the young than any failure to mix the teaching of arithmetic and religion."

Noted journalist though Brisbane may be, I take issue with him in assigning bootleg gin and whiskey as the cause of this rotten crime. Since when has gin and whiskey helped sharpen man's wits and make cunning his intellect? It was bootleg gin and whiskey, no doubt, that suggested to these depraved minds to plan their dastard deed seven months in advance; bootleg gin and whiskey, no doubt, that helped them construct months ahead avenues of escape, helped them prepare wily subterfuges they might employ to escape detection, helped them foresee and plan to meet all but one of the hundred and one contingencies that might point at them the finger of conviction. If such were the effects of the bootleg gin and whiskey used by these criminal murderers, a wonderful brand it must have been.

Bootleg gin and whiskey were not at the bottom of this heinous crime. If Loeb and Leopold drank to excess, if they were guilty of other unmentionable excesses, all those excesses together with the topping crime for which they now face the gallows or a life sentence were the direct, the logical outcome of their education. They were imbued with a false, a materialistic philosophy; a philosophy that looks upon the whole of creation as a chance happening; a philosophy that regards man only as one of the many steps, and that, indeed, but a little removed from the brute beast, in the undefined, vague, puzzling, mystifying process of evolution; a philosophy that can only sneer in pity at all idea or mention of God, of the soul, of the life to come.

Granted such a philosophy, has the world reason to be shocked at any crime? Granted such a philosophy, were not the two criminals eminently logical in their conduct? Granted such a philosophy, did they not give a practical demonstration how that philosophy must work out in every-day life? Granted such a philosophy, are we taking effective measures to down crime by punishing merely the two discovered malefactors? What about the men who taught them the philosophy which is responsible for the plight in which they find themselves today? What about the system of education that blinded them to the higher things of life and took them by the hand and led them on until they stumbled and fell head-long into the yawning pit of vice and crime?

And yet that system of education is the system under which not a few Catholic fathers and mothers are today educating their children; children who are flesh of their flesh, bone of their bone; children endowed by God with immortal souls; children created by God to know, love, and serve Him in this life, and to be happy with Him in heaven; children for whom those same parents shall one day have to answer before the judgment seat of that same God.

Last year, according to Dr. Frederick Hoffman's report, there was in this country one murder for every ten thousand inhabitants; three times as many, comparatively speaking, as in Italy, the supposed hot-bed of crime and especially of murder; twenty-five times as many as in England and Wales combined. And the average murderer in our country today is the young man of twenty years. What is the explanation? The educational system which claims and boasts that religion has no part in the training of the young in school and at college. Yearly the country spends \$1,000,000,000 to teach the young reading, writing, and arithmetic; and it imagines it is doing all that is necessary to educate a law-abiding generation.

We cannot educate a law-abiding generation unless we educate it in the principles of sound morality; we cannot educate a generation in the principles of sound and lasting morality unless we educate it in the principles of true religion; we cannot educate a generation in the principles of true religion in a school without God. And today God has no place in our public schools, no place in our state colleges and universities. Need we wonder, then, that of the ninety per cent of our children being educated in the public schools today not one in

ten attends church service or is enrolled in a Sunday school class? Need we wonder that sixty per cent of our adult population attends neither church nor synagogue? Need we wonder that our crime rate is steadily on the increase and that today we are sending boys of twenty to the chair and to the scaffold? Our public schools and colleges and universities acquaint our young people with a knowledge of a mass of facts; but with Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis, we must condemn the modern school for its failure to give its pupils any real training in morality.

What is to be done, what can be done to remedy the evil? If the next generation is not to be worse than the present, religion must, in some way or other, be made an integral part of our system of public education. Just how this is to be done, the future must answer.

In view of this state of affairs we can readily understand the law of the church which forbids Catholic parents or guardians to send their children to any but Catholic schools, colleges, and universities. This law we find in Canon 1374 of the New Code. Catholics who act contrary to this law violate a serious law of God's holy church and are guilty, therefore, of a mortal sin. The law allows of exceptions, it is true; but the law clearly states that these exceptions are to be judged not by the parents or guardians but by the bishop of the diocese. If any one thinks his child's case an exception, let him seek advice and counsel from his pastor or confessor; under no conditions let him presume to take it upon himself to decide in so important a matter; to do so would be to stain his soul with the guilt of mortal sin.

Today, Catholic schools, colleges, and universities rank among the best in the land in the point of intellectual training; and when to this intellectual training we add the splendid moral and religious training that makes our schools and colleges unexcelled, it is hard to understand how Catholic parents or guardians can even think of sending their children to any but our own schools, our own colleges, and our own universities.

Some are influenced by the social standing, the social prestige that comes with attendance at certain non-Catholic institutions of learning. But will social standing, will social prestige save an immortal soul? Others, again, are influenced by monetary considerations; a Catholic education means an additional outlay of money; in many cases this

money outlay means a sacrifice and a dear one, too. But is not one immortal soul worth more than all the money, all the wealth of the world? And yet there are parents who would barter the souls of their children for money. Judas betrayed the Saviour for thirty pieces of silver. The same Saviour lives today by His grace in the souls of Catholic children. And there are parents who would enter that favorite retreat of the Master and Judas-like hand Him over again into the hands of His enemies; parents who would bring up their children for God by giving them the education that has made possible in our day the revolting crime of Loeb and Leopold.

In deciding the all-important matter of their children's education, let Catholic parents remember that true education must look to the welfare of their children not only in this life but also and principally in the life to come; let them remember that any system of education that excludes God not only fails to lead the child to God but stands as a barrier, and that only too often an insurmountable barrier between the child and its Creator; let them keep these two points well in mind and we shall have less of the anomaly of Catholic parents professing to rear their children for God by giving them an education without God.

THE FAD AND FOLLY OF CENTRALIZATION

Albert G. Ritchie, Governor of Maryland, during the recent convention of the National League of Women Voters, attacked centralization of government, especially referring to the proposed Federal Department of Education, to which the League is committed, and to a Federal Department of Welfare, which the women have been regarding more or less favorably for some time.

Governor Ritchie said:

"I intend to point out to the women that a department of health would be simply a dumping ground for faddists, extremists and radicals. There are as many definitions of welfare as there are men and women in this country, and nobody knows what might follow the setting up of such a department."

To neglect our Blessed Mother is to cut the strongest tie that binds the human heart to God.

The Shrimp Becomes a Whale

CHAPTER II. THE SHRIMP IN STRANGE WATERS

J. R. MELVIN, C.Ss.R.

At the end of his railway journey, the dusky porter who presided over the destinies and comfort of the particular coach in which the Shrimp had been a passenger, deposited the suitcase of the latter on a platform at a wayside station, which did not boast even the honor of a ticket office.

"Say, George," asked the Shrimp anxiously, "are you sure this is my station?"

"Sure am boss," replied the ebony-hued trainman, "ain't much of a place but you all's ticket reads Oakdale. Ah hain't suttin', but ah brieve dere am a college ob some kind neahby. Dat's de reason dis yere 'spress train stops on signal. Good-bye boss. Tank you boss." And the porter pocketing the dollar bill which Slade handed him, swung aboard the train which was already moving.

The Shrimp sat down dejectedly on the hard bench which was the only convenience the wayside station provided and gazed about him disconsolately. He had been roused from his berth half an hour before and had looked forward eagerly to his arrival at his destination. He had pictured a comfortable village with well kept streets and lordly mansions; for the Shrimp's ideas of country villages were governed by his knowledge of Long Island and Hudson River villages, which were for the most part mere summer homes for the idle rich of the metropolis. As he sat in the wayside station with no dwelling in sight, he gazed at the sun rising over a wide expanse of rolling wheat fields and wondered if perhaps he would not have done better to have met his fate and served his sentence in jail.

He was roused from his reverie by the wheezing of an ancient auto coming down the grass grown path by courtesy called a road. The vehicle was a cross between a truck and an omnibus and was navigated by an ancient derelict who looked hardly less dilapidated than his equipage. The auto choked, gargled, spluttered and came to a wheezing stop beside the station, its radiator boiling merrily as a teakettle.

"Be ye the stoodent from Noo Yawk?" asked the driver, his thin

lips breaking into a merry smile which belied the severity of his thin weather-beaten countenance.

"You said it," responded the Shrimp heartily, vastly relieved to find that after all he was expected.

"Said what?" asked the ancient Jehu in bewilderment. "I hain't said a word 'ceptin' to ax ye a civil question."

"That's all right, Santa Claus," responded Shrimp gaily with a glance at the scraggly whiskers of the driver. "Is this the village taxi?"

"Tain't that make of car at all. *It's a Ford*," said the driver. "Them pesky stoo-dents calls her Bronchitis; but that hain't her name no more than mine's Santy Claus. Climb aboard ef ye be goin to the college. The Father Rector's expectin' ye on this train. Have to lift yer own suitcase on the car. Ye see I don't dast git down. Twouldn't be the fust time the brake slipped an this lizzie ran away. Seems almost human, this yere car."

"Why don't you stop the engine," asked the Shrimp, throwing his suitcase into the rear of the car and climbing to a seat beside the driver.

"Guess ye don't know this car," replied the driver putting his full weight down on the clutch, whereat the car started with a lurch that almost threw Shrimp over backwards. "Ef she stops once, it's awful hard to start her agin. Hed to crank her fer ten minutes afore she'd even cough. Thet's why I wuz so late fer yer train."

Conversing with his aged chauffeur and with his sharp eyes taking in every detail of the scenery, the Shrimp traversed the three miles to the college, the auto meanwhile wheezing and sputtering and back-firing as though every turn of the wheels would be the last. When the college, consisting of three magnificent buildings of stone, each surmounted by a gilded cross which glittered in the morning sun, came into view, the Shrimp took off his hat in respect and whistled in surprise. "Some college," he gasped, his eye taking in the lofty buildings, the beautiful stretch of lawn surrounding them and the nearby campus with a lake in the near distance.

"You said it," cackled his driver gleefully. He turned to the Shrimp triumphantly. "At last I've got the meanin' of that thar 'spression ye hev been usin' so often," said he.

The Shrimp laughed heartily. "You learn fast Uncle," said he. "Are you a college student?"

"Naw," sputtered the driver disgustedly. "I finished my eddication nigh fifty years ago. Went as fur as the fourth grade tew."

The Shrimp laughed again, and the merry ring of his laughter had not yet died away when the auto drew up in front of the college veranda, whereon stood a tall dignified man in a black cassock. As the Shrimp dismounted from the Ford the priest came down the steps to meet him, and took the suitcase from the hands of Shrimp despite the demurs of the latter.

"Welcome to St. Matthew's, son," said the priest in a deep voice which at once won the heart of the Shrimp, shrewd as he was in forming quick judgments of men. "You are Daniel Slade, I suppose."

"Right the first time, Chaplain," said the Shrimp, "Shrimp Slade, that's me."

The priest laughed a deep laugh, a hearty whole-souled laugh. "I think you had better forget the Shrimp," said he, "we'll call you Dan, here, if you don't mind."

"Oh sure, Chaplain, sure," said the Shrimp. He was more embarrassed by his new acquaintance than he cared to show, though his wriggling hands fumbling with his cap betrayed him.

"Very well, Thomas," said the priest to the driver of the Ford, "you may drive back to the barn. After breakfast drive down and get the trunk. It will come most likely on the eight o'clock."

"Yes, Father Rector," said the old man, starting his Ford with a roar that forbade conversation until he was out of sight and hearing.

"How do you like our limousine?" asked the priest, with a humorous twinkle in his eye.

"It's a rattling good car," said the Shrimp smiling in return.

"Well, come now, I'll show you to a room until after the students have their breakfast. You see all the community are in chapel now, that's why ~~we~~ could not send any other car or driver than Bronchitis and Uncle Tom, as the students call our famous Ford and its driver."

He led the Shrimp up the steps, across the veranda and through a spacious corridor. The walls of the corridor were hung with artistic pictures of the saints and holy scenes and the Shrimp gazed at them open-mouthed. He kept bobbing his head before each of them, until his guide remarked it, and asked the reason.

"The chaplain in the jail told us we ought to always show respect for holy things," said the Shrimp simply. "An bowin' me head is the only way to show respect, I know."

"Well, the intention is good; but I wouldn't do it if I were you," said the priest kindly. "It isn't the custom here."

"Oh, all right Chaplain," said the Shrimp. "Anything you say goes with me. I sure am a hick at going to college. It's up to you to give me the dope."

The priest raised his hand to hide a smile but said nothing. He showed Slade to a room and bade him wash away the stains of travel, and told him that as soon as he was ready breakfast would be waiting. The Shrimp soon emerged and the priest led him to a small dining room. On their way they passed the gallery of the chapel and his guide opening the door, said:

"Look over the railing for a minute, son, Mass is just over and you can catch a glimpse of your future companions, and I hope friends, before they leave for breakfast."

Dan looked over the rail and gazed long at some two hundred young men kneeling silently and devoutly in the chapel below. Then he retired to the corridor with his friend, pulling his watch from his pocket and glancing at it. He was silent for a moment and then blurted out, "Say, Chaplain, it's only 6:30 now. What time do the students get up in this place?"

"Usually at 5:30," responded the priest.

"Gee, that's worse than jail," groaned the Shrimp.

The priest laughed heartily. "You'll probably continue to think that every time you hear the bell in the morning," said he. "But come, here is something to kill the pangs of hunger." And he showed the Shrimp into a room where a bountiful platter of ham and eggs lay smoking hot upon the table, flanked by a pot of steaming coffee and an abundance of bread and butter.

"Atta boy," said the Shrimp delightedly. "Somebody musta tipped off the cook that I was comin'. He guessed my weak spot the first time. Ham and, that is my middle name."

The priest laughed. Evidently he enjoyed the company of the Shrimp, who was entirely at ease by this time in the presence of his reverend guide. He noted that the lad wasted no time in the formality of prayer; but that he proceeded quickly to the enjoyment of his

meal. Still the lad conducted himself at the table with a refinement that surprised the priest. He remarked this to the Shrimp, smilingly telling him that his manners reflected excellent training.

"Oh, yeh, Chaplain," said the Shrimp. "I got it all over some guys there. You see when I was up the river, meaning, of course, in Sing Sing, the warden's wife took a fancy to me because I was just a kid and she taught me a lot of things, and even sometimes allowed me to eat at the table with her family. You needn't be afraid I'll queer you with the students. I know how to be a gentleman, even if I didn't always act like one."

"Well, Dan," said the priest kindly, "I hope you'll always be a gentleman while you are with us."

"Sure, I will," said Dan earnestly. "Say, Chaplain, I ain't much for soft stuff. But believe me, I sure do appreciate what that judge and his little girl are trying to do for me. Take it from me, I promised to play square, and so help me, I'm going to do it. You won't be sorry you took me in."

"That's the spirit, Dan," said the priest. "I have the greatest hopes from what I saw of you already. It was your past history that made you go wrong. To my mind you never had a fair chance to bring out any good that is in you. But you shall have it here. Make use of it."

"Chaplain, I will!" said Dan fervently, rising and shaking the priest's hand heartily.

"Now, come with me," said his guide. "I shall be busy all morning. But I shall turn you over to one of the priest professors who will introduce you to your new surroundings and instruct you in your duties. Now, listen to me carefully, Daniel. No one in St. Matt's except myself and the priest I am about to introduce you to knows anything of your past history. So far as we are concerned, no one else need ever know. We want you to start life here with a clean slate, as though there were no black marks in your history. The future is in your hands and it is our only desire to start you on an equal footing with the other students and help you to make a man of yourself."

The Shrimp was silent for a moment. Then he brushed his eyes hurriedly and grasped the priest's hand. "Chaplain," said he in a voice choked with emotion, "that's what I call one square deal. I'm

going to try to show I appreciate it. Say a prayer for me, won't you, so God helps me to make good."

"That I will, Daniel, gladly," said the priest heartily. Experienced as he was in dealing with young men, the good priest looked beneath the surface and saw that there was much of pure gold in this rough nugget tarnished by contact with an evil world.

Dan was soon introduced to a smiling, ruddy-faced clergyman, whom his guide introduced to him as Father Clane. The young priest tried his best to make Dan feel at his ease; but for some reason the lad was evidently embarrassed. He answered all attempts at conversation with "yes, sir," and "no, sir." Finally the Rector ventured to remark: "What's the matter, Dan? You seem to be ill at ease. Have you lost your speech?"

"No, sir," blurted Dan. "You see sir, I mean Chaplain, you and he call each other Father all the time and I got my signals mixed. I don't know what to call either of you now."

"Oh, that's easy," responded the Rector. "All priests are called Father. Evidently you haven't had much to do with priests."

"No, Father, I haven't had so far," said Dan, regaining his cheerfulness. "But believe me, from now on, I'm going to have a lot to do with them. That is, if they are like you two. You are two square guys and regular fellows, I'll tell the world!"

"That is, at least, the most sincere compliment I have ever received," said Father Greeley, the Rector, laughing. "Well, Father Clane, I leave Daniel in your hands. I predict great success for you with your charge. Still, Dan, my boy, it will not all be easy. You will meet many difficulties. You see the Shrimp is swimming in strange waters."

"Yes, Father, but he'll come through all right. That is, if you and Father Clane here throw him a life preserver once in a while," said Dan leaving the room with his new friend.

Father Clane spent the morning taking Dan about the college, introducing him to the students who smiled openly at his New York accent, which sounded strange to Western ears. He helped Dan unpack his trunk, examined him as to studies, and assigned him to a special class with several other backward youths. Finally after having provided him with all necessities, he turned him over to a student of the Junior Class, with instructions to launch him into college life. In

a few hours Dan found himself simply one of a crowd of students. Of course, being a newcomer, he had to endure some good-natured chaffing; but as he took it smilingly, he was not bothered to any extent. Before evening he found he could join any group and find a welcome. This is common to college life at a Catholic institution. Hazing is rare and a newcomer soon finds his place according to his merits. Dan, although deeply bewildered, had sense enough not to show this and went about the business of getting acquainted and finding his place among his fellows with his usual shrewdness. Only in one instance was anything like heat shown. A tall, burly senior, the captain of the college crew, who somewhat overestimated his importance, undertook to chaff Dan unmercifully.

"Hello, Bowery," he shouted from the baseball diamond in his booming voice. "How's the boyds' and goils?"

"Fine, Rube," shouted Dan in reply in his shrill tenor. "How's the haystacks and kaows?"

The senior, O'Dare by name, seemed inclined to show resentment at the title Rube, especially since his comrades took up the name and insisted ever after in calling him by that title. However, in the evening when Dan, with a number of others, was watching the crew on the lake, at the close of the practice, the shell swung up to the dock at a somewhat too lively clip. By strenuous efforts the crew managed to sheer off without the shell being crushed. O'Dare swung his oar aloft in an effort to prevent it being broken. The stern of the boat struck sharply against the dock, O'Dare lost his balance and fell overboard. The long heavy oar was wrested from his hand and struck him squarely on the head, rendering him unconscious. His head had scarce sunk beneath the surface before the form of a student fully clad dived neatly from the dock and reappeared with O'Dare in tow. Hands under O'Dare's chin, swimming calmly and confidently, the Shrimp, for it was he, brought the oarsman to the dock where willing hands quickly lifted him ashore. O'Dare was not badly hurt and soon recovered his poise. When told what the Shrimp had done, he grasped him by the hand and said, simply: "Good work old man, I'm much obliged."

"Not at all," said Slade, simply. "Half a dozen fellows were ready to get you. I was the fastest, that's all. It would be funny if an East River Shrimp couldn't swim."

"So, they call you the Shrimp, eh?" asked O'Dare.

"Some do," answered the Shrimp, grinning.

"Well then, Shrimp, it shall be at St. Matt's, also," said O'Dare.

"Come to the boat house. Are you interested in athletics?"

"Never had much time for them," responded Slade. "But I think I'd like sports a whole lot."

"Well, go to it, then," said O'Dare. "You'll have all the chance in the world to distinguish yourself. St. Matt's is a small college but, believe me, it is on the athletic map."

The new friends wended their way to the boat house and together went to the chapel, when the big bell boomed its signal for night prayers.

As he knelt in the silence of the chapel, surrounded by the students who knelt devoutly, Dan's brain thronged with a hundred thoughts; the judge, his daughter, the priests, the students, the new home. Dan tried to join in the prayers, but even the Our Father and Hail Mary were unfamiliar to him. For the first time in his life he felt shamed, humiliated. Truly the Shrimp was in strange waters. Over and over again, he whispered, "God help me to play square."

Thus, had come and gone Dan's first day at St. Matthews. As the days rolled on, more than a month had passed, he grew more and more accustomed to the life. He joined in the sports with enthusiasm, if at first with little skill. He studied hard; but books were less pleasant comrades than his games. At home everywhere else, in the chapel he always felt ill at ease and out of place. At Mass each morning some of the students went to Holy Communion. Others approached the altar weekly and few allowed a month to pass without receiving their Saviour. Only the Shrimp hung back, ashamed and worse than ashamed, afraid. One Saturday night, long after the students had retired, Father Clane sat working over some accounts in his room. A knock sounded at his door. To the priest's subdued, "Come in," the door opened and the Shrimp entered. Without a word Dan threw himself on his knees beside the priest's desk and said, simply: "Father, I want to go to confession." It was late when the lad left that room; but never had slumber seemed more blissful than the rest he enjoyed that night. And in the morning when the bell sounded the "Domine Non Sum Dignus," echoing the words in his heart, the Shrimp knelt at the altar rails and received his God. Kneeling in the bench beside his comrades, with Jesus in his heart, the Shrimp felt at home at last.

(To be continued)

Catholic Anecdotes

A MOTHER'S LOVE

Both Mr. and Mrs. La Blanc were descendants of the French settlers in Louisiana. Though poor in material goods, they treasured their faith and were devout clients of Mary. God blessed them with an only son, whom they named Eli and sought to bring up in the devout traditions of the family. But Eli was talented and did not wish to remain on the plantation. After graduating from the high school, therefore, they enabled him to study law at the Tulane University. Having distinguished himself in his profession, he held various political positions and eventually became United States senator. Unfortunately, however, he neglected his religion after leaving home, proclaimed himself an infidel, and even denied his origin from the humble couple in Lafayette.

For many years Mr. and Mrs. LaBlanc lamented the loss of their son and felt it the more he grew in prominence. When he was near the zenith of his career his poor mother sought to visit him one day but was publicly disowned by him and refused admittance when her arrival was announced by one of his attendants. From that day she had to content herself with praying for his conversion. Only a mother who had lost her son could fathom the depths of her grief and console her in her affliction. Thus it was that Mrs. LaBlanc went to the Mother of Sorrows for consolation and help. For years she knelt daily before the Pieta in her parish Church and prayed as St. Monica prayed for the conversion of Augustine.

In 1878 the yellow fever raged with particular violence throughout the South. One morning the papers announced that Senator LaBlanc had been stricken with the dreaded disease. This was the only information his parents received of his illness. Mr. LaBlanc knitted his eyebrows when he read the paper. "Eli's career is drawing to a close," he remarked as he wiped his glasses and relit his pipe. "Soon the public will forget him, but we must take the memory of his ingratitude with us to the grave." "Has Eli the yellow fever?" cried his mother with genuine solicitude. "Oh God, be merciful to him before he dies.

Papa, I must go to see him!" she then said with decision. "Then you must go alone, dear," replied Mr. LaBlanc sadly. "It's the only trip on which I am not prepared to accompany you!"

When Mrs. LaBlanc arrived at the magnificent mansion of her son she was turned away as a harmless lunatic by the servants. Fortunately, however, the attending physician came from the patient just then. He knew the humble origin of the Senator, readily believed the woman, and took her to her dying son. "Oh, Eli, Eli," she exclaimed as she embraced him tenderly, "my heart has longed for you all these years!" The son was deeply touched and suffered his mother to caress him to her heart's content. "Mother," he said at last, "I am an awful sinner. I have become a real heathen. God cannot forgive me."

"You have wronged me shamefully, Eli," replied his mother, "and still I, your mother, have forgiven you, and prayed daily for you. Do you think that your Mother in heaven, to whom I consecrated you as a child, will be less merciful than your own mother? No, Eli, she has been pleading with her son for you all these years." "Then I will gladly see a priest and be reconciled to God," replied her son, deeply touched by the goodness of his own mother. He received the Sacraments with evident signs of repentance. In his will he bequeathed his mansion to the State as a home for orphans that had never known a mother's love. Though otherwise forgotten today, Senator LaBlanc's memory is still held in benediction for this dying act of charity.

RESULTS

Father Scott, S.J., in his book "The Hand of God," tells the following incident:

Recently a Jewish Rabbi was conversing with me on the subject of young men. He said to me:

"Do you hold your young men?" I replied that we did.

"Well, we do not," he rejoined, and then added: "How do you do it?"

I answered that we did it in the way that God appointed, by the Mass, the Sacraments and religious education.

"Ah, that is it," he sighed, "religious education." Then he told me that the young people of his race were going to the devil wholesale because they had abandoned Jehovah and had not accepted anything in His stead.

"You know," he continued, "our young men are very clever and when they get all the advantages of education in this country, and have no religion to go with it, they become just educated animals. Their brains are developed and sharpened just to make money and to have a good time, and that is all they live for, and that is why so many of them degenerate into intellectual machines or voluptuaries."

And that is the result of education without morality.

MARKS OF THE CHURCH

The other day I heard a delightful little anecdote.

Pat and his pastor were on good terms. Pat was a model Catholic, not only frequenting the Sacraments, attending Mass on Sundays, working with the St. Vincent de Paul Society for the relief of the poor, and exercising an active membership in the parish organizations; but even attending Mass on week days as often as his work permitted it. But the pastor feared that Pat, with all that, might be poorly instructed in his religion. One day he broached his fears to Pat.

"Pat," said he, "you're a good Catholic and a model father; but I'm afraid you don't do any reading and aren't well instructed in your faith. If you were to meet a non-Catholic, you couldn't answer the questions he might put to you."

"Now, now, Father," replied Pat. "Indeed, I know my Faith, and I could answer most any question. Just try me, Your Reverence."

"Well, then, tell me," said the priest, "what are the marks of the Church?"

"Ah, there you are, Father," said Pat with seeming hesitation, "coming with your fine theological questions—"

"You see," put in the pastor quickly, "there you are, side-stepping. Answer me straight-forward as I am asking you."

"Sure, and I'm not side-stepping," replied Pat. "I know. I may not remember just the words of the catechism, but I can say it in my own way. The marks of the Church are them that give nobly to every good cause."

Right and obligation go together. The right to vote is no exception.

Pointed Paragraphs

BACK TO SCHOOL

September has come and with it the opening of the new school year. The children will flock back to their desks and books. Fond and devoted parents will see to it that they are there on time. Yes, to the grade schools.

But what of the older boys and girls, who are ready for high school or college?

The thought makes me wish to repeat some paragraphs that appeared in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart recently. The writer says:

"As I passed the car barns one day not long ago, my attention was attracted by a middle aged man, selling the latest edition of the evening paper. The cast of features showed that he was of the Hebrew race. As I approached he bowed politely and asked me whether I would have an evening paper. A pleasant remark on my part soon led to a serious conversation, and he informed me that his boy, an only child, was at college, and that his wife attended to a little store while he, himself, sold papers on the street to allow his son to secure a higher education.

"'Soon,' he said, 'our boy will have gone through college and his mother and I will not have to work. You know that a boy without education cannot make his mark in life in these days. Our limited education and the trials of life have taught his mother and me the need of giving our boy the best mental training.'"

What a lesson of sacrifice this simple Hebrew could teach our Catholic parents! When I think of the comparatively small number of our Catholic boys and girls who receive the benefits of higher education in our Catholic colleges, I am saddened. Thousands of Catholic parents do not seem to realize that a mere grammar school training is not sufficient for their children in today's battle of life. While certain of our Catholic men, through their own efforts, have made up for deficiencies of education by application and later study, it is rare for a boy or a girl to overcome the lack of mental training.

THE REPTILE IN THE GRASS

To those outside the state of Michigan, the political attack on the parochial schools appears as the recurrence of a national disease characterized by mental spasms and intellectual meningitis. Once it was A. P. A. ism—at another time it was aptly dubbed know-nothing-ism—now it goes without definite name. But it retains its seeming dignity of being a political question because it has been forced upon the attention of the voter.

In Michigan, however, its real nature is apparent. The mode of attack is its chief characteristic.

Little stickers, red in color and showing a white schoolhouse with the inscription: "The Nation's Hope, defend it—One School, One Law, One Flag"—are surreptitiously, that is to say—in a disgustingly sneaking way—placed on windshields of automobiles, on store-fronts, on the covers of books in public use, such as city directories, etc.

Where they come from, no one seems to know definitely. Who is directly responsible? It is difficult to say.

The question is, Can enlightened Americans, boasting of their education and culture, be lead by such cheap propaganda—gutter publicity—to use the privilege of the ballot guaranteed to them by the Constitution, to defraud their friends and neighbors, fellow-citizens, of the social privileges guaranteed to them under the same Constitution?

Statistics are often quoted to show the standards of literacy, and literacy is generally taken to signify education.

In Michigan the statistics should be drawn from the polls. They will tell much.

SUMMER COMPLAINT

Sunday. Last Mass. The low, sweet hum of an organ. The chant of the *Ita Missa Est*. The silent recitation of the Last Gospel—broken by the scraping of feet. The distant roar of a motor.

The automobile has become an institution. Sunday tours are the order of the day.

But tourists should remember that no matter how small or how large the town is that they visit, the Church there has the same standards of etiquette their own possesses.

At home they would not think of leaving the Church until Mass is over. It would advertise ignorance, to say the least.

When abroad, such action is equally ignorant. The Catholic Church everywhere is the home of God, and the standard of etiquette is uniform.

Tourists—recall your mother's words—"Don't show your ignorance."

Or better, recall where you are and why you are there.

A BLADE OF GRASS

Two galloping mules of uncertain pedigree, unimpeded by their daily carts and bearing only the negligible weights of their respective jockeys, forgot the cares of their mulish existence and raced together for turf supremacy at the Fair Grounds yesterday afternoon—we read recently in the New Orleans Picayune.

"Lifted for the nonce to the heights once occupied in the traditions of the hoofed kind by Man of War and Zev, the two nameless hybrids ran to the cheers of hundreds, and their contest would go down in the annals of muledom as a classic; but,

"Like two thoroughbreds, the mules chafed their bits at the starting line. Their trappings weren't just all that could be desired for two steeds; but for mules they were all right. Like the animals, the jockeys were of dark hue, and their garb in keeping with the dignity of the mules. It wasn't altogether what could be called a contest of blooded aristocrats; but as those two mules dashed forward at the sound of the starter's pistol, the spectators knew there was fun ahead.

" 'They're off.' "

"Sweeping side by side in a cloud of dust, the two brayers, coaxed by the profanity and whips of their riders, disappeared around the first turn of the track, and were lost to view for an instant. They reappeared neck and neck across the track, thundering onward.

"For three-quarters of a mile the mules galloped, and even as they rounded the final turn, the issue was uncertain. One was ahead, slightly, but the second was drawing close as the two reached the home stretch. And there it happened.

The call of the breed, the irrepressible yearning born with every

mule, the trait which marks the animals apart from every other—that stubborn craving for food—came upon the leading mule and asserted itself as the galloper seemed sure of victory. And before the surprised and mystified jockey could gain control, his determined steed had dashed from the track, past the fence, and had headed for the most luscious patch of grass in the Fair Grounds.

“That blade of grass lost the mule to turf immortality; for before he could be whipped back to the track, his rival had shoved his nose to the line.”

How many, we reflect, for something as poor as a blade of grass by comparison, give up their chances for greater and higher goods?

WHITHER NOW?

Catholic teachers have been long decrying the tendencies in modern thought. Not that Catholic teachers would hinder progress, as some would believe. But the training, based on age-old traditions and experience with which the average Catholic educator is endowed, enables him to discern in modern thought, little that is golden and much that is dross.

One tendency in scientific circles has dealt with that mysterious problem, the principle of life, the soul. The problem has been attacked from various angles; but suffice it here to merely name one of the theories. The mechanistic theory would have man a machine, and life merely a functioning of chemical elements. Translated into questions of morality, it becomes determinism.

Now an interesting situation develops.

Two men are tried for murder. The decision as to their fate depends on the judgment of one man. That man's judgment must be formed on certain standards.

Suppose that judge is a mechanist, a determinist; what will be his decision with regard to the degree of guilt in the accused? What can, logically, be his decision?

Further, what must be the decision with regard to future criminals of whatever kind or degree?

As long as fantastic modern psychology was confined to the classrooms, its range of devastating influence was wide enough; but when it enters the courts of justice, then justice perforce must leave.

For justice is founded on the fact that men have free will and intellects by which standards can be adopted and used for the direction of that will.

THE WAY TO BETTER THINGS

Last month the Congress of Women's Clubs of Western Pennsylvania met in convention and discussed the question of the Press.

They realized that our children will read novels and that, consequently, our whole concern must be to provide something that they can read without poisoning their souls. They therefore made the demand—justly and bravely—they want novels that they need not hide away from their book-loving girls. They do not want novels that 'reek of cigarette smoke and cocktails, of free love and profanity.' They do not want books that are built up on "seductively alluring themes of sensual gratification." And they registered their determined protest in a resolution that "decries the materialistic tendencies of modern literature, and stands for an underlying religious philosophy of life which upholds the sanctity of home, marriage and the Commandments of God."

The Congress of Women's Clubs represents 15,000 women. They have spoken plainly. It is a good start. If our Catholic women make the same demands—not on paper only, not alone in high-sounding resolutions, but practically—we can kill that detestable thing: the bad book.

Authority is given to men in government and state that they may keep together the things that are for common good; the things that safeguard their rights and if the government attempts to go beyond its given power, if it attempts to interfere with the divine rights that men have from God Himself, then we say it is better to obey God than man. When this conflict comes it is because state or government does not or will not recognize that their power is from God Himself; it is because governments will not allow men to worship God according to their own conscience; because they will not develop what is best in man.—*Archb. Hanna.*

A word of thanks from a grateful heart; sweet incense before the Most High.

Our Lady's Page

Our Lady of Perpetual Help

PERPETUAL HELP AND THE PUBLIC LIFE

OUR LORD'S DEPARTURE

The time had come for an entire change in the external aspect of Our Lord's existence on earth. The quiet years of His hidden life had now come to an end. Before His passion and death He was to spend three years in preaching the Gospel of salvation; that wonderful period of activity and contradiction which we call the public life of Our Lord.

It was inevitable that during these three years and a half of His ministry, Our Lord could no longer be the inseparable companion of His Blessed Mother. We are told nothing about the actual beginning of the public life of Our Lord. Did He leave His Mother abruptly; as, when He remained in the temple without her knowledge? Or did He depart only after warning and preparation of some kind? We know not. Of this, however, we can be certain; that Our Blessed Lady had a part of her own in the public life of her Son, just as she had in the years which preceded and in His bitter passion.

FAREWELL

The departure of Our Lord from the little home at Nazareth must have brought to Our Lady's heart a pang of sorrow. Hitherto He had been with her constantly; hitherto she could feast her eyes upon Him; hitherto she could serve His wants with all the love of a mother and child at once. Now she was to suffer a mother's loneliness and a mother's helplessness; a suffering all the greater because of the beauty and loveliness of her Son.

When your children having passed the years of childhood and school, come to the parting of the ways and set out upon their own paths; when their footsteps grow fainter and fainter upon the walk, and at last you realize that they have left you; then remember, our Lady knows and understands the feelings of your heart.

She, too, experienced loneliness; she, too, realized that her Son must needs go in order to be about His Father's business; she, too, foresaw His labors, His trials, His hardships—even the Cross.

When you see your boy and girl striving to settle the question of their vocation, and your heart is torn between desire for their happiness and desire to keep them with you; when you see them set out upon life and doubts and fears plague you; then call upon Mary. See her as she stands in the doorway of the little home in faraway Nazareth, watching her own beloved Divine Son going forth to His public career, and say to her:

"Mother, quiet the fears of my poor heart, and guide, guard, protect my child that is faring forth upon life's highway. Grant it may find and do the Father's will."

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: Many thanks for your kindness to me and mine. I do not forget the last conversion you brought about; only your Divine Son and you could do it. Many thanks."

"Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I wish to thank you for the grace to make a good confession the third day of this novena. I also wish to express thanksgiving for a nice increase in salary, granted to me about five days after the close of the last novena."

"I had a very sore leg and was going to the doctor for fourteen months; and it healed up right after I made the novena. Thanks to our dear Mother of Perpetual Help."

"I wish to make public thanksgiving to our Mother of Perpetual Help for helping me through a serious operation."

"Many thanks to our Mother of Perpetual Help for a great favor received through her intercession."

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: How can I thank you for all you have done for me. I have prayed to you. I have made Novenas to you, and my prayers have not been answered in the way I thought, but ah! so much better, dear Mother, through my prayers to you my love for you has grown so much stronger and I have been rewarded with much better things than I ask for.

Catholic Events

The Holy Father, in an encyclical issued recently, explains what is meant by the Holy Year to be celebrated in 1925. He assigns a two-fold purpose: (1) "The Church, taking as example the infinite mercy of God, proposes to send out an invitation and appeal beyond the ordinary, for expiation and atonement of guilt to such as neglect the ordinary means of salvation, either because they have drifted away from the Catholic Faith, or through negligence or sloth, and who not only do not reflect seriously and to good effect, but do not even think of rendering account to Divine Justice for guilt committed. For this reason confessors are granted special faculties during this time. (2) Nor is the work of the great jubilee, which goes on for a full year, confined to this purification and healing of the individual soul. In this 'acceptable time,' in addition to visits to holy places and increase of public and private devotion, the special outpouring of celestial grace will have the greatest importance to raise minds generally to a higher degree of holiness and for the restoration of human society."

* * *

The Papal Relief Mission to Russia has practically completed its work and the workers attached to the various stations have returned to Rome. Father Walsh, of Georgetown, who was at the head of the mission, has resumed his work as head of the Foreign Service School at Georgetown University.

* * *

The series of brilliant scenes which marked the 27th International Eucharistic Congress, closed with a procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the stadium, followed by Benediction given from the great altar erected in the center of the arena. Two other gatherings at the stadium stand out as remarkable scenes of the Congress: Twelve thousand children received Holy Communion at the open air Mass celebrated by the Bishop of Haarlem, in whose diocese the Congress was held; the other great spectacle was the opening of the Congress, at which 25,000 people were present. The Congress was held at Amsterdam, Holland.

* * *

The Order of St. Gregory has been conferred by the Holy Father personally on William C. Prout, president of the Amateur Athletic Union and leader of the United States Olympic forces at Paris, in recognition of the great interest which men of America take in wholesome athletic work and exercise.

* * *

One of the outstanding Catholic events of the day is the great fight which Catholics of Michigan are making for the preservation of their

schools. More than 800 clergy and 220 laymen met in the K. C. Hall to draw up a plan of campaign. Bishop Gallagher, addressing the gathering, reminded them that: "We are entering today upon a campaign that will carry us through the first sector of a battle line extending all over the United States. But we are not going into a fight on the public school. We are not asking for ourselves that which we would not grant to a fellow-citizen. If the school amendment is defeated, nothing will be taken from the public school. . . . We are not the aggressors. We are simply defending Constitutional rights long ours."

* * *

On August 12th, the Sacred Congregation of Rites met to consider the miracles ascribed to the Little Flower of Jesus (Soeur Therese). This is the next step in the process of her canonization.

* * *

In this battle everything depends upon the ballot. For this reason the executive campaign committee is using every means to get everybody to register. Bishop Gallagher declared: "There has been a wonderful response to our request that the people organize and see to it that every Catholic registers and votes."

Still a house to house solicitation revealed a startling condition of indifference. This made the committee issue a warning: "There seem to be a few Catholics—and fortunately the number is very small thus far—who do not seem to be aware of the grave necessity for full strength in this campaign." In some churches, the pastors, at the Masses, asked those who had registered to stand up, thus reminding the people of their obligation.

* * *

The Lutherans of Michigan are joining the Catholics in their fight for their constitutional rights. They are also organizing for the defeat of the proposed school amendment.

* * *

In the state of Washington, the Klan Anti-School Bill will also go on the ballot. Many who had ignorantly or carelessly given their names, tried to withdraw their names; but the Supreme Court ruled that they must be maintained.

* * *

Meanwhile from every part of the country come notices of increased activity in building and enlarging schools and perfecting their staffs. Thus, the diocese of Denver alone announces the opening of five new schools this fall. And the members of the various Sisterhoods and Brotherhoods are securing degrees at universities and normal schools.

A Catholic high school for colored children will be opened in St. Louis this September.

* * *

Impressive funeral services were held recently for Joseph Conrad, the foremost English novelist, who recently passed away. The funeral took place in London, at St. Thomas Catholic Church.

The 42nd Annual Convention of the K. of C., just held at New York, has reiterated its assurances that "We will remain with the War Veterans until every penny entrusted to us by the American public is expended." Further that: "Unmasked, unhidden, in the open, they will continue their work as they shall always do it, for God and country." Such is the patriotism of genuine Catholics.

The K. of C. were welcomed to New York by Mayor Hylan in a most enthusiastic speech of welcome as an order established "to promote the brotherhood of man and to allay racial and religious prejudices." He added: "An order which fosters a love of God, a hope of the life beyond, and an obedience to civil as well as religious law becomes a nucleus from which good citizenship may spring with the collateral good effect upon others of a righteous example."

The Holy Father sent His Blessing, and in motion of the Hon. Jos. Scott, of Los Angeles, a message was sent to His Holiness pledging spiritual fealty to the Father of Christendom, and further maintenance of the K. of C. welfare work in Rome. The BOY MOVEMENT was endorsed. This will be a movement to counteract the De Molay organization of the Masons. The American Red Cross, through Chairman John Barton Payne, presented an oil painting of Pope Pius X, as a recognition of the Knights' contribution toward the Japanese Relief Fund.

* * *

Philadelphia will be the scene of the sixth biennial convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, October 17-25.

* * *

Des Moines, Iowa, will soon be the scene of activities by the National Conference of Catholic Charities. Education and social work will be the keynote of the Convention. Father Kerby of the Catholic University will be one of the principal speakers as will also be Archbishop Dowling of St. Paul. Both will be listened to with great interest, since they are appreciated in Des Moines.

* * *

Holy Name men from all parts of the country will soon be assembled in convention at Washington, D. C. The President will address these sturdy Knights of the Holy Name who stand for clean speech wherever they live. Ten thousand are expected to attend the sessions of the convention.

* * *

The Catholic Order of Foresters, in convention assembled, showed a goodly increase in membership and a financial balance in keeping with the demands upon its insurance fund. The delegated took occasion to decry the growing divorce evil; also the vicious attack upon parochial schools on the part of some in the state of Michigan. "Our platform is simple, our demands are few: the right to the free exercise of our religion; the right to provide a Catholic education to our children; equal rights, equal liberties, equal opportunities for all without regard to race, creed or color. More than this we do not ask, less than this we will not have."

THE Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address)

What proof is there that the soul of the Blessed Virgin Mary was reunited to her body after her death and taken up to heaven, as we celebrate on the 15th of August?

Because of her dignity as Mother of God, Mary was exempt from many of the ordinary laws governing mankind, hence Catholics believe that our Lord would not permit her virginal body to corrupt in the grave, but that soon after her death, He took Her to Himself in heaven with both body and soul. Though this doctrine has not as yet been defined as a dogma of faith it would be rash to deny it, because of the general belief of Catholics of the whole world at the present time.

Is Fred the name of a saint?

Yes. St. Frederic was the Bishop of Utrecht in the ninth century. He was a man of great zeal and apostolic courage, and it was due to his fidelity to duty in correcting the vices of his time that he met death at the hands of two paid assassins and received the martyr's crown. The accounts of his death relate, that one day, when he came from the altar, having said mass, as he was going to kneel down in the chapel of St. John the Baptist to perform his thanksgiving and other private devotions, he was stabbed by these two assassins. He expired in a few minutes, reciting the verse of the one hundred fourteenth psalm: "I will please the Lord in the land of the living." His death happened on the 17th of July, 838 and his feast is celebrated on the 18th of July.

What is meant by the Jubilee-year?

The ordinary jubilee occurs at Rome every twenty-fifth year and is extended to the rest of the world the following year. In the Jewish law, every fiftieth year was a "year of jubilee;" during that year according to the law, debts were to be forgiven, slaves to be freed and other concessions made to the unfortunate. The name, "jubilee" seems to be taken from a Hebrew word

meaning a horn or a trumpet, because the Jewish jubilee was announced by the blowing of that instrument.

The first Christian jubilee was proclaimed in the year 1300, by Pope Boniface VIII, with the intention of having it occur once in a century. Other Pontiffs reduced the interval, until Paul II, in 1470, prescribed that the jubilee should come every twenty-fifth year.

A Plenary indulgence is granted to all who perform the prescribed works, which are usually fasting, almsgiving, the visiting of certain churches, confession, Holy Communion and prayer for the intention of the Holy Father. Likewise during jubilees, confessors have the power of absolving from many sins and censures ordinarily reserved to the Bishop or the Pope.

I read a statement in a newspaper the other day, that the Catholic Church is opposed to capital punishment. Is that true?

No. Catholic moralists teach that the State has the right to inflict capital punishment when it is necessary to maintain order and that it is lawful to execute criminals in so far as this is necessary for the safety of the public. However they limit this right of execution to the properly appointed persons, and they teach that in ordinary circumstance every person accused of a crime should be given the opportunity to defend himself. They also welcome the tendency of modern times to limit the use of this right of execution to a few serious crimes, such as murder, and they likewise recognize the authority of the State to forego the exercise of the right altogether in favor of life-imprisonment.

Why does the Church insist that a child be given a saint's name in baptism?

In order that the child might have an intercessor with God and an example for imitation.

Some Good Books

Eucharistic Whisperings. Adapted by Winifred Herbst, S. D. S. Published by the Society of the Divine Saviour, St. Nazianz, Wis. Price, postpaid, cloth, \$0.53; paper, \$0.28.

In the sub-title the purpose and character of the little book is thus explained: "Being Pious Reflections on the Holy Eucharist and Heart to Heart Talks with Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament."

One of the difficulties found with prayer books generally is, that they are so formal that they seem unnatural. This booklet offers us most informal and intimate reflections and conversations with Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. It will serve to awaken fervor in many hearts and will be a most useful book for short visits, or for Benediction service.

When the Moon Became a Chinaman, and Other Stories. By Milton McGovern. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. Price, postpaid, \$1.00.

This is the first book by Milton McGovern that has come under our notice. We were very well impressed. It makes us wish and look for more from his pen.

Because the stories are short, they can be read in the short in-between times of daily duties, or during an evening. Because they are so varied in setting and appeal, and so well told, they will be certain to interest almost every reader, and will certainly provide moments of real pleasure.

Some of the stories, once read, will not easily be forgotten. Their pathos and their humor will haunt one long after reading them.

A Simple Course of Religion for Little Ones Preparing for First Holy Communion. By Rev. Jos. A. Weigand. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. 14 pages. Price, \$4.00 per hundred.

"This simple course of religion is meant to take the place of the Catechism for first grade of the school. It is intended to familiarize the child with

the principal truths of religion. The children memorize the paragraphs and recite them every day, the same as they say their prayers, making them part of their prayers."

Thus the preface explains the nature and use of the booklet. No doubt, it has sprung from experience in the class room. Many will welcome such a course of instruction, not in catechetical form.

The Catechist and the Catechumen. A Manual of Religion for Teachers and for Private Instruction. By Rev. Jos. A. Weigand. Published by Benziger Brothers. 214 pages. Price, \$1.50.

We all realize the importance of religious training, and our priests and Sisters are working hard to perfect our methods of instruction. The many books on the subject are sufficient proof of this zeal. The present book is a new attempt. The author himself, in a valuable introduction, says:

"Now in the first presentation of religious truth I am inclined to deviate somewhat from our present method, giving preference to what is known as the direct method, rather than the catechetical method to which we have been accustomed.

"According to this method, one or more articles of faith are proposed in the form of a positive statement, to be memorized. This method seems to enjoy the advantage of carrying with it more direct and stronger conviction. It also has the other advantage of preserving admirably the natural interrelation of the various truths of religion. While the question and answer method destroys interest, the direct method awakens interest, causing the pupil rather than the teacher to ask questions."

The author, no doubt, is speaking from experience in the class room. Not every one will agree with him. Still the book will offer much help to teachers, and will be very good for one studying the Faith privately.

Lucid Intervals

Retired Auctioneer—"And what can you give my daughter?"

Prospective Son-in-law—"A thousand a year, a car, a country-house—"

Retired Auctioneer (absent-mindedly)—"Sold!"

Mrs. Brown came down to breakfast on the morning of her little daughter Susie's seventh birthday anniversary with a pleasant thrill of anticipation. "Susie," she said, "I have a birthday surprise for you. You may choose anything you like for dinner and do anything you please this afternoon."

Susie blinked her brown eyes in thought. Then she announced: "I choose sausages for dinner and to clean out the sink."

"Now, Jimmy," said his Sunday-school teacher, "I want you to memorize today's motto: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"Yes'm, but I know it now," replied Jimmy. "My father says he has always used that as his motto in his business."

"Oh, how noble of him!" said the teacher. "And what is your father's business?"

"He's a prize-fighter, ma'am."

Lady—"You say your father was injured in an explosion? How did it happen?"

Child—"Well, mother says it was too much yeast, but father says it was too little sugar."

Willie—Paw, what is a post-impressionist?

Paw—"A pile driver, my son."

A Western jury had been called upon to decide a dispute over the ownership of some cattle which the defendant had been accused of stealing. It soon became apparent to all that he was innocent, and the jury was out but a few minutes.

"Judge," replied the foreman to the usual question from the court, "we find the plaintiff guilty."

"This court is trying the defendant, not the plaintiff," interposed the judge. There was a hasty consultation in the jury box, at the close of which the foreman rose again.

"Judge," he declared, "we find the defendant not guilty. Howsomever, judge, it 'pears like to us we been trying the wrong man."

They had lost their way in their new and expensive car.

"There's a sign, dear. Are we on the right road?"

With his flashlight he read: "To the Poorhouse."

"Yes, he answered, "we're on the right road and we didn't know it."

The Sunday school teacher asked little Gracie if her parents had any particular prayer for bed-time devotions.

"I'll say so," replied the child.

"Ah," said the teacher, much gratified, "and what is it?"

"Well," explained the innocent little one, "every night papa says in a trembly voice, Oh Lord, when is this woman going to stop trying to bankrupt me?"

Following a dinner of savants, a certain professor psychology thought he would test a colored cloak attendant as to his memory. Although the professor pretended to have mislaid his check, the boy without hesitation handed him the right hat.

"How did you know this one is mine?" asked the learned man.

"Ah don't know dat, suh."

"Then why do you give it to me?"

"Cause you give it to me when you came in, suh."

A Scotchman was leaving on a fortnight's business trip, and called back as he left home: "Good-by, all, and, Katherine, dinna forget to mak' lettle Donald tak' his glasses off when he's na looking at naething."

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary student in perpetuity.

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